



## They Travel Thus Who Seek The Fez

The only real, live, Simon-pure Shrine initiation ceremony ever given to the public is published tonight in the Bulletin. There have been spurious rituals, compiled by unscrupulous scribblers who had not the high regard for truth that the writer possesses, passed out from time to time as the 24-karat, unalloyed articles; but they are all bogus.

The ritual that is here given is the one made use of by Haroun-al-Rashid. If the ceremony this evening differs in any particular it will be owing to the ignorance of the ceremonial.

The exact date of this ceremony, like the date of the date palm, has not been learned up to date, but it is safe to surmise that it dates back to a far distant date.

(Scene: The Sahara Desert. On the right may be seen the walls of the sacred city of Mecca, while, to the left, appears the rugged crest of Diamond Head. Neophytes, holding their heads in their arms are lined up in front of the sacred water-wagon. The sun is sinking softly and silently to rest behind the blessed heights of Constantinople, while, from a distant tower, a muezzin is calling "Aloha Nui.")

(Under the shade of a spreading acacia tree are seated the Imperial Potentate, the Assistant Potentates, and the High Lords of the Chafing Dish. In the distance may be seen Wireless Telegraph Balch, trying to get into communication with the Atlantic Fleet.)

Imperial Potentate—Has His Serene Nibs been heard from yet?

First Assistant Potentate—He has not, Your High Mightiness.

I. P.—Gaze forth again, O faithless one, and see if thou canst not define some speck upon yon rolling desert.

Balch (from his tree)—Your Imperial Potentateness, yonder comes he for whom we wait, traveling under forced draft and with fire under all sixteen boilers.

I. P.—It is well. Are the candidates all in fit condition?

Slave Driver—All but Perkins, My Lord. He has not gotten over the effects of his collision with the palace gates.

(Slow Oriental music by Berger's band as the ship of the desert steams majestically to anchor.)

Past Potentate Filmer (dismounting from his steed), sings:

From the burning sand of Sahara's land  
Where the zem-zem water flows,  
I've come to drop, on this peaceful spot

A multitude of woes.  
In my fell abode on the Mecca road  
Where the luckless pilgrims pass,  
There are secrets dark; there are corpses stark;  
And the dreaded hippocrass.

Chorus:

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To your huts, duck your nuts;  
Gaze on me in terror.  
Vengeance dread falls on the head  
Of him who makes an error.

I'm the child of woe, a relentless foe  
To luckless neophytes.  
Though my face be fair, I delight to share

All gentle carpet knights.  
In my boiling grease, they will find  
Aucease

From all their earthly troubles;  
And each dying shriek will fade to a squeak  
'Neath my cauldron's dreadful bubbles.

Chorus:

On this spot, in my pot,  
I will gladly boil you.  
If you try escape, then I  
Shall most surely foil you.

(As Filmer finishes his song the grease pots are borne onto the stage. In back of them comes J. S. McCandless leading a rhinoceros, a Rocky Mountain sheep and a Maui goat, with silken ribbons. At a signal from the Head Potobah the neophytes replace their heads upon their shoulders. The head Mopper-Up then enters with a large mop and pail and takes his post in front of a massive butcher's block which has been placed to left of desert. In the distance the sounds of blast-furnaces can be heard—

a signal that the sand heaters are at work. As the temperature begins to rise Past Potentate Filmer gazes upon the wretched neophytes with fiendish glee. They shrink back in mortal fear, but Dotor steps forward.)

Dotor—Ye have broken bread with me. Is there aught in the world that ye now fear?

(Shamed the neophytes line up chanting)

Neophytes:

We who are about to die salute thee,  
Ere we start our journey o'er the sands;  
All our helpless wives and little children  
Sorrowfully we give into your hands.

Soon our feet will tread the burning desert,  
Soon our flesh will feel the blazing torch,  
Soon the bubbling oil will quite engulf us,  
Soon the branding iron our backs will sear.

In the end, they say fair Mecca city  
Will refresh our pain-distorted eyes.  
But, mayhap, that city's vaunted beauties  
We shall witness only from the skies.

Then farewell to all on earth who love us,  
A long farewell to all we hold most dear.  
While on this journey, we will grow in wisdom,  
Will we hand it to the next bunch?  
Never fear.

It was the original intention to carry this ritual through to the bitter end. Considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the writer, however, by nobles who feared the effects of the exposure on the public mind, so he magnanimously agreed to desist.

STATEMENT ON ABRUZZI

Rome, Nov. 4.—The Tribuna, which is a Government organ, in an article on the marriage of the Duke of Abruzzi, says that the majority of Italians, while preferring that the Duke should marry a royal princess, do not deny that he should follow the dictates of his own heart, but they demand that the question of his marriage to Miss Elkins be officially confirmed or denied, thus putting an end to the fusillade of the American newspaper comments, which deeply wound the Italian sensibilities and may result in a reaction in public opinion.

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## ISLAM'S EX-CHIEF A NOTABLE GUEST

One of the pleasant features of this year's ceremonial session of Aloha Temple is the fact that Noble George Filmer, past potentate of Islam Temple of San Francisco, is able to be present and participate in the festivities.

Noble Filmer occupies a unique place in the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. For four years he was illustrious potentate of Islam Temple and during that time it was his privilege to lead more novices to Mecca than has ever any other potentate.

Under Potentate Filmer's administration, Islam Temple passed through the great San Francisco disaster, a disaster which might well have administered a blow from which the temple would have been years in recovering. But less than three years after the frightful holocaust, Islam Temple has paid \$65,000 for a building site and is preparing to erect a building to cost a quarter of a million dollars.

Much of the money for the purchase of the building site was saved during Potentate Filmer's administration. In spite of this fact Islam has made a notable record for its hospitality. At the great conclave at Los Angeles a year ago last spring, when Potentate Filmer took his entire Arab Patrol as well as a large delegation of nobles to Southern California, the temple was lavish in its hospitality.

Potentate Filmer is the president of the building association formed by Islam Temple for the purpose of erecting a suitable edifice on the site purchased, and to him will fall the, by no means easy, task of arranging the fiscal policy and providing the money.

Noble Filmer's visit has been greatly enjoyed by the nobles of Aloha Temple, and the active part that he has taken in the work incident to the holding of the ceremonial session has won for him a warm spot in the hearts of all Hawaiian Shriners.

## BRILLIANT DINNER WILL SOOTHE WOES

The ceremonial session will come to a close at 6 o'clock this evening. The novices, then novices no longer, will be given an opportunity to recover from the effects of their trials and will then gather at 8 o'clock at the Alexander Young Hotel for the traditional banquet.

An excellent repast, both mental and gastronomic, is promised and it will not take long for the luckless ones to recover from the effects of their travel. A supply of special padded chairs has been secured, while a long mantlepiece will be erected along one side of the banquet hall.

There will be no set speeches, but plenty of entertainment will be provided, and if all the nobles do not have a good time it will not be the fault of the members of Aloha Temple who have been entrusted with the task of getting up the banquet.

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## SNIPS AND QUERIES IMPUDENT AND NOT

"Who was that man with the wry face that just passed by?"  
"Oh, that was John Dotor; he has been swallowing the knives in his restaurant lately to insure himself to the cutting blasts of the desert."

Passer-by—What is the matter with Remorse these days?  
Stayer-Still—He saw McCandless' mastodontic menagerie when the Alameda came in yesterday morning.

Hughes—What was the matter with those pictures that Perkins made for you?  
Ashley—He got rattled and put arnica into his developer instead of pyro.

Through the desert the tortuous path is shown to the victims by Bath;  
While Cooper and Wood,  
Both medicos good,  
Heal the sores that are made by the path.

"Why has the customs launch been cutting up such funny antics the past few days?"  
"Hub! Young is practicing so that he can dodge the devils on his desert trip."

Balch, that electrical shark,  
Is fixing to send up a spark  
To the planet of Mars  
And talk to the stars  
Or hark to the Dog Star's bark.

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## A Modern Fable Not Wholly Fabulous

Once in an island paradise in the Pacific Ocean where bliss and comfort always reigned supreme, where the zem-zem fluid flowed as all zem-zem should, and did not pop as some zem-zem does, there was a worthy temple of nobles who did live together in peace and brotherly love. All neophytes were treated with the greatest consideration and none were made to experience that unseemly rudeness which is common among nobles in less favored and cultured cases.

But it chanced that, on one fell day, there did come to the Temple of Aloha, which is situated in the oasis of Honolulu, a wild and blood-thirsty man. This man was for long the dread potentate of Islam Temple in the oasis of San Francisco, an unholy place where the zem-zem has been known to pop and where neophytes are always in fear for their lives.

And the said hard-hearted potentate did seek out Noble E. C. Brown, who ruled over the destinies of the Temple of Love and did say unto him: "Brown, you're a lobster. Why don't you make these kangaroos do some hopping? They can't pass the rest of their lives on this dot in the ocean. They'll hit some sands that will make them think of Mother's clippers at some time in their lives."

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And it therefore came about that the good and kind potentate did turn the ceremonies over to the fierce and ruthless lord. And thus it happened that the grease pots, which had long lain idle in the Customs Warehouse, and the electric juice, which had theretofore been used chiefly for illuminating purposes, were called into use and arrayed for the benefit of the neophytes.

And the good potentate was worried exceedingly and turned his face away. But J. S. McCandless, also a noble of Aloha Temple, but not a man with a sweet disposition like unto the potentate, did say:

"Trot out your grease pots and your juice wires, bring along your spike mats and your Billy goats; I long to see these frogs hop o'er the sands even as I saw them once in St. Joe, Mo."

Thus it came about that the days of the good potentate ceased to exist, and the unholy devilities, which the wicked Potentate Filmer had introduced, were made the law of the temple. And thus it was that the neophytes became exceedingly sore and did take but little pleasure in life for a multitude of days of much multitudinousness.

Moral:  
Don't get any Frisco potentates in to your island paradise if you don't want to hit the hot and weary way.

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Trustees: James S. McCandless, Representative to the Imperial Council; A. G. Hodgins, First Ceremonial Master; K. B. Porter, Second Ceremonial Master; C. G. Bartlett, Marshal; Samuel Johnson, Captain of the Guard; F. T. Smith, Director; E. Hughes and Thomas Sharp, Assistant Directors; J. D. Tucker, Outer Guard; H. E. Murray, Captain of the